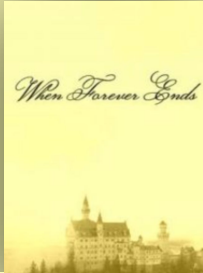




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When Forever Ends



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Chapter 1 by C12H22O11 HIGH

I sat up in my bed sweating, breathing heavy with tears running down my face. This has been the usual for me, every night waking up in a panic over something that was so long ago it should be a mere smudge in my past.

I got up to get a glass of water and settle down. I walked down stairs and into the unlit kitchen and felt around for light switch. When I flicked it on I saw the kitchen was a complete and utter mess. This too was normal. I sighed heavily having just cleaned it only a few hours before. That's what happens when your aunt is a drunken slob, you clean and clean and clean but it never gets better.

My aunt Marie used to be the best aunt ever. She would take me on impromptu trips to the mall and out to the movies, but that was when my parents were still alive. My parents died in a car crash four years ago when they were coming back home from a dinner date. A drunk driver hit them full speed when they were going through an intersection. It was really hard on my aunt at first and only got worse from there.

I had to go somewhere so my aunt took me. Her fiancé didn't want me there at all. He hated kids and avoided them as much as possible. So obviously when I came to stay it caused some unrest, and then eventually fighting. I felt like one day the fiancé up and left, no warning or anything. My aunt started drinking to drown her problems.

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I cleaned up some of the mess and went back to bed. I knew the next morning would be me scrambling to finish cleaning before school and not getting any homework done. I closed my eyes and dosed off hoping that tomorrow might be different.

Chapter 2 by C.C



I woke up, glancing at the clock. I hadn't slept well. It was more like starring at a picture of my parents and me while resting and thinking of what will happend tomorrow. But I promise. This was the last time. Even though I didn't choose it myself. But this day was different. I got uo and looked through my dirty window. The sky was clear blue and the sun shone bright in my eyes. I glanced at the clock with hope that it was early enough, so I can go out before auntie wakes up. But it was too late. My clock said 11:56 and I knew that she was already downstairs sitting on our old sofa and waiting for me, so she can yell at me with her grumpy voice. I felt empty. This is happening day for day, again and again. Why am i even doing this? I have thought about committing suicide. Often. But like every day I couldn't do it because there was a little voice. A small tiny voice which gave me hope. The hope that my auntie still loves me. And I still believe she does. So I change my clothes to something comfortable, brush my long, dark brown hair and head downstairs. I expected to hear the rustling of the newspaper and her mumbling silently. But I didn't. It was quiet. Way too quiet. "Auntie?" I called. Nothing answered. I rushed downstairs. Something is definitely wrong. If she wasn't awake yet, she would have woken up by hearing my voice since she has a tight sleep and if she was downstairs she would have yelled my name now. I reached the living room door. It was close and there was no sound behind it. I opened it slowly and glanced inside. And there it was. The catastrophe of my life. I don't know if I died or just the world shut down. But it felt horrible and I didn't feel anything at all... Help... Me...

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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